

La Discothèque de Rose

by KseniaLynn

Category: Miraculous: Tales of Ladybug & Cat Noir

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 09:48:11

Updated: 2016-04-25 00:37:19

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:37:58

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 6,855

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Adrien has been told he's a girl his whole life, and he's come to accept it. But how will an experience with an LGBT teen friendly club change his perspective on himself? (Trans!Adrien fic)

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1: ordinary girl

Adrienne Agreste is a famous super model. She is the daughter of Gabriel Agreste, and has excellent talents in fencing, Chinese, piano, violin, ballet, and of course looking beautiful. She exceeds in all of her classes in public school as well as in her home studies arranged by her father. Her shimmering blond hair reaches the top of her chest, and her sharp green eyes could kill a man. Although she was tall for a girl, her polite personality made her shrink down to the optimal expectations. Her warm smile and round cheeks made anyone instantly fall in love with her except for one person. Herself. In fact, Adrienne Agreste doesn't particularly exist. Instead she was a mask. For whom? Himself.

Adrien Agreste wasn't a girl. He never was, and yet even he was under the impression that he was 100% girl. The truth that was buried deep inside of him never showed, and it would take a long time to weed it out of him. Through the layers of she/her and unwanted stereotypes sits a boy with no clue what the hell was going on. Adrien truly lived life obliviously. Never did he pay attention to his disgust whenever he was called a girl, or his joy when all the girl characters ran out and he "had" to be the guy character. Not once had he thought about the urge to chop off his hair as anything more than a mere act of defiance against his father. And there was no way he figured the reason he felt more comfortable in a sports bra and baggy clothes was because he hated his body. How could he hate his body when the whole of Paris loved him for it? That and his pretty face with full lips and cat-like eyes made him irresistibly perfect.

Before he could even think about being trans he was rudely confronted with the idea he was a "lesbian". Exceptâ€|he wasn't? He still liked guys, but girls were so pretty. It took him a long time to even realize he likes girls (like a lot), but that realization was useless since he immediately denied it and got himself a boyfriend right afterwards. Still even when he was with Nathanael his eyes kept wandering towards all the girls in class. Alix was short and spunky with a cute butt. Rose was petite with kissable lips. Juleka was tall and incredibly sexy legs. Mylene was cute and curvy. Alya had a hell of an attitude with a chest that put cantaloupes to shame. Marinette was simply adorable, and it didn't help that she wiggled her butt whenever she got excited or nervous. It especially didn't help that Adrien blatantly stared at her when she did and could feel himself getting gayer. Then again he was already pretty gayâ€|

Regardless of his desire towards girls he kept his relationship with Nathanael to please his father. Of course his dad supported the LGBT community, but Adrien doubted he would let him come out to the public. The magazines he modeled for gets translated in to a dozen different languages, and the areas they're sold would have a riot over a "lesbian" on the front cover. So he hide it from his father and from himself. Until one day his eyes lingered a little too long on Mari's butt wigglesâ€|

"Distracted by something?" Nino asked. Adrien tore his gaze from the pink denim and blinked at his best friend. Nino and Adrien have been close ever since they met, but with Adrien practically being a "lesbian" they never developed feelings past friendship. Nino on the other hand was asexual and aromatic, so Adrien didn't need to worry about his friend coming on to him because he was a model.

"Huh?"

"You're spending quite some time staring in the general direction of Marinette's butt," Nino teased. Adrien blushed.

"The general direction of Marinette's butt is rather interesting," he murmured and continued staring.

"When are you going to break up with Nathanael and tell him your gay? Because at this rate you're gonna break the poor boy's heart," Nino said. Adrien sighed and reluctantly replaced the heavenly sight of Mari's pink ass with Nino smug face.

"I'm not gay, okay? I still like Nathanael, but I just getâ€|distracted," he replied and already found himself turning his gaze back to the two girls across the court yard.

"Yeah. Distracted. Sure," Nino responded sarcastically and laughed. Adrien's blush deepened and then he sighed.

"Okay, fine. You're right. I'm absolutely not in to Nathanael anymore. Like, at the beginning I kinda liked him, butâ€|I dunno. I think it might be mutual, y'know?" He rambled. Nino nodded.

"He has been spending more time doodling and less time talking. At the start of your relationship he would put down anything he was doing to talk to you," Nino pointed out. Adrien nodded.

"Yeah and the gay thingâ€|" he trailed off and looked longingly over at Marinette's butt again.

"Don't tell anyone," he mumbled and turned red. Nino laughed.

"Man, it must be hard having romantic feelings for someone. I don't even wanna know what it's like having sexual feelings on top of that. That's all just messy!"

"I-I said nothing about sexual feelings!" Adrien hissed and glared at his friend. Nino laughed harder.

"I know you didn't say anything, but you spend more time staring at Mari's ass than literally anything else," he teased. Adrien crossed his arms and poured.

"I'm gonna go break up with Nathanael and get away from you," he announced. Nino rolled his eyes as Adrien turned his heel and walked away.

"Have fun! Tell him to send me a postcard from heartbreak city!" He called.

Adrien shook his head and rolled his eyes like his friend did before. He marched his way out to the front of the school and to the bottom step where his boyfriend usually sat during lunch to draw things in nature. Adrien approached the redhead carefully and peered over his shoulder to see the image he was sketching. Lines and value connected to create a window that looked like the one from the building across the street. Nath had even drawn in the reflection from the sun and a cute little bird perched on the windowsill. Adrien smiled and took a seat next to Nathanael. The artist looked up from his drawing and smiled at the blond.

"Hey," he greeted and kissed Adrien's cheek.

"Hey, how's it going?" Adrien replied.

"Pretty good. Better now that you're here," he grinned and laced his fingers with Adrien's. The boy grimaced at his words and nervously bit his lip.

"Yeah?"

"Is there something wrong? You look upset," Nath noticed instantly. Adrien sighed and pulled his hand away from him.

"Uh, I dunno if I would say there's something wrongâ€|maybe. I dunno," he mumbled and folded his hands together.

"What do you mean?" Nath asked.

"Iâ€|I need to talk to you about somethingâ€|but it might-"

"Listenâ€|Adrienneâ€|I gotta talk to you about something too," he confessed. Adrien's green eyes snapped over to Nathanael's concerned gaze.

"Huh?" Adrien found himself confused as Nath set down his stuff and turned to face him. The artist to Adrien's hands in his graphite covered fingers and gave him a sympathetic gaze.

"Adrienne. You're one of the best girlfriends I've ever had. You're beautiful and smart and you have a lovely sense of humor—but, I kinda like someone else now," he said. Adrien blinked at the redhead before his face contorted with confusion.

"Wait—what?"

"I'm sorry, Adrienne, but I think we should see other people. Surely there's a ton of male models who are a lot more suitable to be your boyfriend, and I really like this other girl. It's making me feel guilty carrying on this relationship with you," he explained.

"So you're breaking up with me?" He asked. Nathanael nodded.

"I'm really sorry. I still like you, but I really like her, and I don't want to drag you in to a polyamorous relationship that might make you feel uncomfortable."

"Poly-what?"

"Exactly. Anyways, I'm really sorry, but it would hurt you a lot more if I got together with this girl and you found out about it, and I don't wanna hurt you like that," he said and patted Adrien's shoulder.

"Who—who do you like now?" He asked. Nathanael sighed.

"I don't wanna tell you if it's gonna hurt you—"

"No, I-I just really wanna know to see if it's someone who will treat you right," he lied. He was really just a nosey bitch. Nath nodded.

"Okay—it's Marinette," he told him. Adrien's blood went cold, and all color left his face.

"M-Marinette?" The one with the really cute butt? The one that Adrien may or may not be crushing on because of said butt?

"Uh, yeah. Is there a problem?"

"N-no! Not at all, I-I just wasn't expecting that," he lied. There was a big problem.

"Oh—"

"I gotta get going, but it was good that we had this chat. I'll see you later. Bye ex-boyfriend," Adrien said and quickly stood up and ran back inside.

The moment he entered the school the bell had gone off and everyone was headed back to class after the break. He quickly looked around and bit his lip. On no. He could feel tears starting to gather around his mascara covered eyelashes. The blond dashed for the bathroom and was relieved to see it empty. He stressfully ran his hand through his long blond hair and tried to take some deep breathes before breaking

in to sobs.

Why was he so upset? It couldn't possibly be because Nathanael broke up with him because he was going to do that anyways. Was it because Nath broke up with him for Mari? Did Mari like Nathanael back? Was this just added competition, or did he even have a chance in the first place? Was he just delusional? Was he the only "lesbian" in this goddamn school? How could he possibly think Marinette would like him? His hands trembled as he gripped the edges of the sink and stared at his reflection. Mascara was running down his face as he sobbed. God he was a drama queen. He was so distraught he didn't even notice the sound of the flushing toilet.

"Adrienne?" A soft voice spoke. Shit. He looked through the mirror behind him to see Marinette just coming out of the stalls. His eyes widened with fear before he turned his head away and hid his face in his hands. Damn he was a mess. Mari walked up to the sink next to him and silently washed her hands before grabbing a long sheet of paper towels. She tried off her hands and gently touched Adrien's shoulder. He barely turned over to look at her and nearly whimpered at the sight of her concerned eyes and sympathetic smile.

"What's wrong?"

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: what are you

"So he just broke up with you right now?" Marinette asked to clarify. Adrien nodded, wiping the last of his tears before taking a deep breath.

"I was going to anywaysâ€¦but it just hurt more than I expected," he lied. He knew why he was upset, yet he didn't wanna admit it.

"I'm sorry. Boys are dumb. You deserve someone better," Marinette smiled and rubbed Adrien's shoulder comfortingly. He mustered a smile in return and bit his lip.

"Actuallyâ€¦can I be honest with you?" He asked. It was probably a bad idea to tell one of the girls he liked that he was absolutely gay. Especially when she was the reason he was so upset at the moment. And yet here he was about to spill the beans.

"Of course you can. I'm here to listen," Mari assured him. He nodded.

"I'mâ€¦not super upset he broke up with me. I-I'm actually upset becauseâ€¦he told him he liked another girl and-"

"Oh, you poor girl! That's the absolute worst," she frowned and instantly pulled Adrien in for a tight hug. He turned bright red as she squeezed his torso. He was so gay. He could feel her chest press against his and her face rest nicely in the crook of his neck. His heart was racing and he sternly pushed her back.

"I-I didn't finish," he stuttered.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Go on," she urged. He took another deep breath and let go of her shoulders.

"He said he liked another girl andâ€¦I-it wasâ€¦it was the same girl that Iâ€¦like too," he finally admitted looking away. Marinette blinked.

"You meanâ€¦"

"H-he has a crush on the same girl t-that I have a crush on! I-I like a girlâ€¦a-and he likes the same girl," Adrien reiterated turning redder and folding his arms defensively. His shoulders were to his ears and he glared at the sink next to them.

"I'm so sorry, Adrienneâ€¦that's-"

"I don't even know if she likes girls! Most likely she'll chose him b-because he's a guy and I-I'm a girl a-and I must be to only freakingâ€¦lesbian in this damn school," he snapped. Mari frowned as Adrien tried to hold back his tears again.

"Heyâ€¦Adrienne?" Marinette spoke again. He refused to look at her.

"You're not the only one," she informed him. His eyes finally darted over to her as she pulled a small business card out of her pocket.

"There's a place you can goâ€¦it's best to go after dark. It's a safe place," she promised. He looked down at the card and cautiously accepted it from Mari's thin fingers. It was light pink with darker pink hearts around the boarder. In the center read an address along with four simple words.

La DiscothÃ¨que de Rose

* * *

><p>Adrien avoided the card Mari gave him for a good five days before he typed the address in to google maps. It was about three blocks away from his mansion and easily traveled to by foot. All the pictures had bright pink neon lights illuminating a standard brick building. The description on one of the various review websites out there (Yelp) said it wasn't an obnoxious dance club nor a brothel, yet was a LGBT+ friendly environment that allowed minors. Meaning it didn't sell booze nor did it condone sexual activity within or around the building. A lot of the reviews reported that it was one of the safest places most of these closeted teens have been to including their own homes.<p>

It was only until that Sunday did he devise a plan. The website for the club said it was open 24/7, but it had shifts. In the morning it served breakfast which had a pay it forward system where customers could pay for a second meal in advance for homeless queer teens without any money. It also said that queer teens could work for their food and accept minor chores from the boss man. In the afternoon it was usually quiet for kids to do homework and sleep, but once it got dark it was a party zone.

This information allowed Adrien to plan his exact course of action.

An hour before sunset he rummaged through his clothes and set aside a tight black dress and matching heels. He pulled out an old lace veil he wore to his great uncles funeral that he didn't care about, and then promptly went to bed. Nathalie came in around the usual time she does to check up on him for bed, but this time Adrien wasn't actually asleep. Once the assistant had left he instantly spring out of bed and quickly applied dark and heavy makeup and getting dressed in his outfit he had set aside and grabbing his purse. The process had taken a good hour and a half since he messed up on the smokey eye once or twice, but once he got it down he carefully snuck out with his heels in hand so he wouldn't make so much noise.

Cold air hit his skin as he emerged from the big mansion. He took a deep breath of the clean crisp air and smiled before heading off towards the club. It took him about half an hour to figure out how to get there even with the help of google maps, and even when he did arrive he felt extremely nervous. While his dress wasn't exactly super revealing, it was so tight that he felt uncomfortable. He clutched his shoes and took another deep breath before slipping them on and readjusting his veil. Of course he couldn't be recognized out and about, especially in a gay club incase his father saw. Adrien took a brave step forwards and walked up to the front door. There was a tall burley man leaning next to the door scrolling through his phone when he approached the club entrance. It didn't take like for the man to notice Adrien and smile.

"Good evening. Do you know where you are?" He asked. Adrien nodded, feeling a little at ease from the man's warm expression. He had a nice mustache and bright smiley eyes that could put anyone at ease.

"Y-yesâ€|this is La DiscothÃ"que de Rose right?" He replied. The man nodded.

"Yup! What are you?"

"Umâ€|human?"

"Well, we're all human, but what are you?" He repeated.

"E-excuse me?"

"What do you identify as? Are you trans, gay, pan, ace?" He reiterated.

"Oh uhâ€|l-lesbian," she stuttered. He nodded.

"Welcome to La DiscothÃ"que de Rose, please enjoy your night," he said and opened the door for him.

Adrien peered in to the club and notice just how pink it was. The photos didn't do it justice. There was pink and red and purple lights everywhere that set a misty haze over the scene. The music wasn't too loud, and it was poppy yet casual at the same time. There was no set dress code, and it showed in the crowd. Inside people were dressed from sweatpants to dresses to full on tuxedos. He carefully stepped inside and glanced around at all the dancing people. It was hot and misty, and Adrien was instantly thankful for his choice of such a small and tight dress. He eyed the people around him and noticed lingering gazes on him as well. It seemed his veil and heavy eye

makeup hide his identity well enough. No one shouted his name or looked at him like they recognized him. They only looked at him like they thought he was hot—which he was.

"What's a beautiful masterpiece like you doing in a place like this," hummed a low voice. Adrien looked over and blushed when he saw a tall androgynous person standing next to him. Their eyes looked him up and down as they bit their lip and rested their hand on their hip. Their hair was in a low pony and their nails were painted silver with intricate black crosses.

"You must be new here, honey," they continued.

"S-sorry, I'm not looking f-for-"

"A date? Of course you're not. You're here to have fun and feel safe," they interrupted.

"U-um—y-yeah," Adrien stuttered. The person giggled and patted Adrien's shoulder.

"Don't worry, I won't hit on you any more. So what are you?"

"Oh um lesbian," Adrien replied, proud of himself for catching on to the lingo.

"Nice, so you wouldn't be interested in me—unless you don't know anything else beside gay, lesbian, and bi—"

"Bi?" Adrien questioned.

"Thought so. Bisexual is when you're attracted to two or more genders," they explained.

"More—genders?" Adrien was extremely confused. The person laughed loudly.

"I can explain it to you all later. I imagine you came here for a good time and not a lecture about sexualities and gender identities."

"Who are you again?" He asked.

"Raven. At your service," they announced and held out their hand. Adrien carefully took hold of Raven's hand and shook it.

"And you?" They asked.

"Oh um—my name—i-is—Chatte Noire," he lied. Raven giggled.

"I see. You wanna keep it secret. Cute name, it goes with your outfit."

"Thanks—"

"Anyways, let me take you to Ladybug. I'm sure she'll be happy to properly welcome you to the club. She can also tell you a lot more about that stuff I mentioned earlier if you're curious," Raven said and kept Adrien's hand in theirs. Adrien was about to pull away when the person dragged them through the crowd. The blond barely made his

way with his heels as he protested and tried to wiggle his hand out. Raven merely shushed him and continued onward through the dancing crowd. When they finally made their way to the front Adrien grumbled and fixed his dress as he glared at Raven.

"Sorry, pal. It's really easy to lose someone in a crowd like this," they apologized.

"Doesn't mean you have to drag me through at 500 mph," he complained.

"Honestly, Raven, is that anyway to treat our guest?" Spoke a strong and sassy voice.

Adrien looked up to see a small girl at the foot of the stage that the DJ was performing on. Her hair was tied with red ribbons and her body was adorned in a red top with black polka dots and red skinny jeans. Her sneakers were black with red laces, and on her face she wore a red mask with the same pattern as her shirt. She smiled and put her hands on her hips.

"Welcome to La Discothèque de Rose. My name is Ladybug."

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3: what's cooler than being cool? Gay

"I think you broke her," Raven spoke as Adrien gapped at Ladybug. She giggled and stepped closer to the stunned boy.

"I wouldn't be surprised. What is she?"

"I-I'm a l-lesbian," Adrien stuttered feeling weak at the knees. Ladybug looked him up and down and smiled.

"Not for long. I believe you just became bi or possibly pan," she told him.

"P-pan?"

"Pansexual or pan-romantic is someone who experiences attraction to all genders," she explained.

"I-I still don't get that—are there more than two genders?" He asked.

"You're looking at all of them right now basically," Ladybug giggled.

"Huh?"

"Raven, why don't you attend to other guests, I have a lot to explain to."

"C-Chat Noire," Adrien answered.

"Hm, cute name."

"Thanks."

"Anyways, Raven."

"Got it, Buggy-bot. See ya later," they waved and went off.

"C'mon, let's go downstairs and sit down to chat," Ladybug suggested taking Adrien's hand in her own.

"O-okay." Adrien obediently followed her through the crowd and downstairs to an even bigger room under the club.

The music still wasn't overbearingly loud, and it was actually a lot more spaced out. There were circular tables lining the sides with chairs and menus like a restaurant. Ladybug guided him down the tall stairs and through the second crowd until they got to a table. He sat down across from her and she folded her hands over the table.

"Soâ€¦you don't know about the other genders," she stated. He nodded.

"Well, to simply put it gender isn't simple. To your knowledge there's boys and then there's girls, and it's completely divided and it's very black and white," she started. He nodded again.

"In reality, gender is a spectrum. Just like sexuality and romantic orientation, but I'll get in to that later. Gender isn't black and white. Gender isn't even a grayscale. It's a giant variety of color. There's a lot of identities out there, but I'll explain what non-binary is to you."

"Nonâ€¦binary. Is that literally a gender?"

"Yes and no. It's an umbrella term for gender neutral and gender non-conforming people as well as a gender identity. So it's both."

"Okayâ€¦but like how do you know?"

"It's hard to tell. It's really dependent on who you are. Sometimes it just doesn't feel right when someone referees to you as your designated gender given to you by the doctor, and you have to find out what makes you feel comfortable."

"Oh."

"For example, me. I'm not a girl. I don't identify as a girl. I'm gender fluid," she announced. Adrien's eyebrows shot up.

"Y-you'reâ€¦h-how does that work?"

"You're probably wondering how this works biologically. Don't. Gender is separate from biological sex," she clarified. He nodded in understanding.

"So, gender fluidâ€¦what's that?"

"It means my gender identity changes. It changes a lot actually. Sometimes I feel like a girl, or a boy, or something in between."

Actually I don't even know what my gender is sometimes," she said and laughed a little. He laughed too.

"Soâ€¦when you said I'm not a lesbian anymoreâ€¦" Adrien trailed off with wide eyes. Ladybug grinned and leaned over the table on her elbows.

"I mean if you're attracted to me in anywayâ€¦there's no way you're interested in just girls," she said in a low sensual voice. It sent shivers up his spine as she giggled and slid off the chair. She held out her hand to Adrien.

"C'mon, let's dance," she urged. He glanced at her hand and then back at her. Adrien couldn't help but feel like he's been in a similar situation. The blond cautiously took her hand and stood up from his chair to follow her to the dance floor.

Ladybug was an angel. Adrien thought he was gay for Marinette, but Ladybug was also dangerously close to capturing his heart. His eyes remained on her figure as they approached the middle of the dance floor. Once she stopped she turned to face him and grinned as the music pulsed through the club. He could feel his heartbeat sync with the tempo as Ladybug started to sway her hips. He must've been to distracted to response because soon she had her hands on his hips and was swaying them with hers. He quickly followed her lead and even found himself smiling and blushing nervously. When he glanced down to their feet he saw that she was moving hers. He quickly kicked off his heels and tried to mimic her movements. Of course he stumbled a couple times, but they only laughed it off and continued to dance. Ladybug grabbed both his hands and moved her body in such intricate ways that he could only gawk at her.

She noticed Adrien's intense stare as she danced and gave him a flirtatious smirk before leaning close. Her body was mere inches away from Adrien, and she let go of his hands to touch his waist and settle on his hips. His eyes bulged down at her as she grinned wider and reached up to run her fingers through his hair and wrap her arms around his neck. Before he could make sense of what was happening her lips were pressed against his. The moment he felt the soft texture of her skin he pulled back and turned completely red.

"I-I can't I-I've never d-done this-"

"Shhâ€¦don't think, just feel," Ladybug whispered holding her finger to his lips.

He furrowed his brows, yet accepted her next kiss regardless. She gently cupped his face and tilted her head to fit better with his. Adrien's heart felt like it was going to fly away. Never in his life has he actually kissed a girlâ€¦although Ladybug told him she wasn't a girl. Never in his life has he kissed anyone besides boys. While he didn't exactly feel nothing when he kissed boys, kissing Ladybug felt like heaven on earth. The way she pressed her lips against his over and over again made him feel like he could get drunk off of her affection. Without even realizing it his hands were on her waist and under her loose fitting shirt. Her thumb caressed his cheek as they parted for breath and instantly dove back in. Soon enough he felt her hot tongue and nearly melted at her touch. He made a noise of approval as she tangled her fingers in his hair near his roots and lightly scrapped her nails on his scalp.

The second time they broke for air Adrien was desperate to have her back again. He followed her when she pulled back and hovered his mouth over hers. Her hot breath on his bottom lip made him bite it and lean in for more. His hands gripped her waist and held her body close to his while he continued his mouth against hers. A giggle escaped those heavenly lips of hers as she pressed her chest against his. His brain went numb as he let his lips do the talking, and by talking he meant making out. Ladybug had to push him back to stop him and giggled again when he turned bright red.

"I-Iâ€¦|umâ€¦|s-sorry!" He stuttered and took his hands off of her waist. She laughed.

"No need to apologize, kitty. Although it seems to be me who has the cats tongue," she teased and tapped his nose. He wrinkled it and blinked at her.

"I've neverâ€¦|kissed anyone b-besides boys," Adrien confessed. Ladybug hummed and rewrapped her arms around his neck.

"Then you better get some more practice in."

* * *

><p>Adrien stared up at his ceiling while he clutched his pillow. His previous activities were replaying in his head over and over again. The memory of Ladybug's lips sent his heart racing for more. When he had to depart he was more than disappointed. It was really late, but he couldn't get back to sleep. He was in his baggiest teeshirt and sweatpants with his tightest sports bra and his loosest pair of underwear. He had just gotten out of the shower and kept his hair up in a bun. Everything felt comfortable for once, but for some reason he couldn't catch a wink of sleep. His mind was still too preoccupied by Ladybug.<p>

She reminded him of Marinette. There was an uncanny similarity between their eyes and their hair, but he still couldn't tell looking at the mask. Ladybug could be anyone. Surely Marinette would've mentioned being genderfluid or something around him since they wereâ€¦|friends? He couldn't tell if she considered him her friend at all. He really hoped she did because if she didn't he was far from trying to get her to like him back.

The blond sighed as he heard his phone vibrate and turned to check it. Across his was a message from Nathanael. He always messages him late when he couldn't sleep. For some reason even after nearly a week since their breakup they still chatted frequently. Adrien mostly wanted to keep track of Nathanael's progress with Marinette, but also because they were still friends after their breakup. He didn't even like him that way anyways. Adrien opened his phone and his eyes widened at the message in front of him.

N: I think I'm gonna tell Marinette I like herâ€¦|tomorrow

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4: met someone

Adrien ignored the text message and instead pushed his phone away and instantly attempted to sleep. Of course it wasn't as successful as he had hoped but at least he got a little bit of sleep. When he woke up his eyes still felt extremely heavy from his extravagant smokey eye last night, but he put on his usual makeup anyways along with his contacts. He braided his now dry hair and groaned at the thought of putting on a regular bra. It never crossed his mind that he didn't have to do all of that, but he was still under the impression the he did. He slipped on a pair of tight high-waisted jeans and tucked his grey tank top under it before sighing as he looked at his reflection.

"Gross," he muttered.

He felt gross. Everything he saw in the mirror made him stomach churn. He couldn't figure out why, but the sight of his nearly perfect hourglass figure made him sick. The feeling of his heavy breasts in his bra made him unbelievably uncomfortable, and his jeans made him feel like a piece of meat waiting to be chewed on. He hated it, but he knew it's what would make his father proud. So he sighed and sucked it up before finishing off with a pink cardigan, a simple necklace, and some pink flats.

Breakfast was quick and painless, and before he knew it he was at school. The first thing he saw was Alya, Nino, and Marinette at the front of the school. He smiled at his group of friends and blushed when Marinette waved so enthusiastically. When he joined their group she blushed and shyly tucked a piece of hair over her ear.

"Good morning, Adrienne. How are you?" She greeted. His cheeks turned pink as well as he nervously smiled back at her.

"Oh, umâ€¦I-I'm okay. How are you?" He responded.

"I'm okay," she replied. He nodded, and Alya and Nino were watching intently.

"I really like your hair like that. It's really pretty," Marinette complimented. Adrien had forgotten about throwing his hair in a messy braid this morning.

"Oh, this? I just did this really quick this morning," he murmured.

"I think it looks really nice," Mari smiled. Adrien could've died right there. Holy shit she was so cute.

"T-thankâ€¦you," he trailed off as he noticed Nathanael approaching their group. All color left his face as Adrien suddenly remembered Nathanael's text message last night.

"Um, excuse me," he said and quickly marched over to Nathanael.

"Oh, umâ€¦bye," Mari muttered as Adrien walked off.

"I'll talk to you later!" He called looking back as he continued to walk off. When he turned around he stopped since he was right in front of Nathanael. He kinda liked that he was taller than the red head.

"Good morning, Adrienne. You look nice today," Nath said.

"Uh, t-thanks."

"If you'll excuse me, I'd like to talk to Mari-"

"W-wait! Hold on," Adrien nearly begged. Nathanael lifted a brow.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"Umâ€|" Adrien nervously licked his lips and glanced back at his group of friends. The three of them were conversing and not paying attention to the ex-couple.

"C-can we talk? In private please?" He nearly begged. Nathanael glanced between him and the group before sighing.

"Alright," he allowed. Adrien nodded and lead him away and behind the stairway.

"Okay, listen I have something I need to-"

"Are you jealous?" Nathanael asked. Adrien blinked.

"Uhâ€|what?"

"Are you jealous?" He repeated.

"Uh jealous of whatâ€|er, who?" Adrien asked.

"Marinette, of course. You always avoid her in conversations and now you're stopping me from confessing to her? Are you scared she'll like me back?" He questioned. Adrien blushed and hesitated before nodding.

"Yesâ€|yes I'm deathly afraid that she'll like you back because you're a _boy_ and-ugh! This isn't what you think though-"

"Then what is it?" Nathanael challenged.

"I'm not jealous of Mari, okay? Iâ€|w-when you broke up with me I-I was also planning on breaking up with you because I also like someone else," he told him vaguely.

"Okay. Who?"

"Uhmâ€|i-it's actually really funny umâ€|we k-kinda have a crush on the same girl," he stuttered. Nathanael's eyes widened and Adrien avoided the shocked turquoise color.

"Youâ€|have a crush on Marinette?" Nathanael asked. Adrien hesitated and then nodded as he scratched the back of his neck nervously and blushed.

"Youâ€|you'reâ€|"

"I'm gay. Yeah," he murmured.

"Holy shit, Adrienne. No wonder you were distant! I stopped liking you because it felt like you didn't like me anymore!" He nearly shouted.

"Shh! Keep it down!" Adrien hissed.

"Sorry, butâ€¦|holy shit this is crazy! Who else knows?"

"Nino and Marinetteâ€¦|that's it," he answered.

"Damn. That's one hell of a secret. Uhâ€¦|sorry dude, but I can't let your crush on Mari hold me back. If she doesn't roll that way it's hopele-"

"No no no! That's not what this is about. After you broke up with me I got emotional about that and how she'll probably go out with you because you're a boy and I'm a girl, andâ€¦|s-she comforted me."

"Mari?"

"Yeah, andâ€¦|I told her how you liked another girl and that I liked the same girl so if you tell her that you like herâ€¦|t-then she'll know I like her too," he explained.

"Jesus Christ, Adrienne," he groaned.

"I'm sorry, okay? I-I needed someone to talk to and she helped me. I didn't think you would confess to her!"

"Why wouldn't you think that?"

"You're kind of extremely shy," he pointed out. Nathanael blushed.

"T-that's beside the point," he grumbled.

"Anyways. I know that I can't control you, but please don't tell her yet. I'd die of embarrassment! S-she can't know that I like her," he begged.

"Why?"

"Because it's just pathetic, y'know? It feels likeâ€¦|I-I'm the only one," he muttered. Nathanael put his hand on Adrien's shoulder and the blond looked at him.

"Adrienne, there are other people out there going through the same thing you are. You're not alone, okay?" He told him. He nodded as Nath reached in to his pocket and pulled out a little business card.

"There are other people like you, y'know?" He said as he pushed the card in to Adrien's hand.

"I won't tell Mari until you're comfortable, okay?" He assured him before walking off. Adrien watched the redhead walk away and back inside the school building. When he glanced down at the card he wasn't surprised to see dark pink hearts bordering four simple words.

Le Discothèque de Rose

* * *

><p>"Adrienne, are you okay?" Nino asked. The blond lifted his head from his desk and blinked over at his friend.<p>

"Uhâ€|I'm fine," he lied.

"Shut up, you're lying. What's wrong?" He insisted. Adrien sighed.

"There's thisâ€|club I went to last night," he murmured. Nino lifted a brow.

"A club?" He asked. Adrien pulled out the second pink card he had received and handed it to his friend.

"It's an LGBT teen friendly club, and I went last night," he told him.

"Ohâ€|did you have fun?"

Adrien blushed when he thought about last night. He could never forget Ladybug's giggle, or her beautiful sapphire blue eyes, or the way her voice sounded before she kissed him. His cheeks got even hotter when he thought about the kissâ€|er kisses. Her lips were so soft and unlike anything he's ever experienced in his life. It was amazing. _She_ was amazing.

"Y-yeah. I had a lot of fun, but I can't decide if I should go again tonight," he said.

"Well it's teen friendly, right? I'm guessing no drugs no sex and whatever?"

"Yeah."

"Then it seems rather safe and harmless. Unless you're scared about someone recognizing you," he pointed out.

"I already got that sorted out," Adrien told him.

"Oh? Like a disguise?"

"Exactly. Like really heavy makeup and stuff. No one could tell who I was last night," he answered. Nino nodded.

"Well. It seems completely safe, and you said you had a lot of fun. I don't see why you shouldn't go."

"Because my dad doesn't know, and I had to sneak out last night," he replied.

"Oh, I see. You're nervous about breaking your old man's rules. Don't worry about it. You're a teenager who is discovering herself. It's not like you're doing anything dangerous. Besides, sneaking out is a natural and normal part of being an adolescent," he assured him. Adrien sighed again.

"Thanksâ€| "

"If you don't mind me asking, what made last night so much fun?" Nino inquired. Adrien looked down at his desk and smiled a little.

"I met someone."

End
file.